

THE MESSENGER



OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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J. DAVIS

CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

ORIGIN AND AIM: The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie. to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical. Medical, Educational.

GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION: The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

SPIRIT: The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

* * * *

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara.

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

* * * *

OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:

White Sisters Convent
319 Middlesex Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey

THE MESSENGER OF

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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? A QUESTION BOX ?

Who are the White Sisters?

A religious community founded in 1869 at Algiers in Northern Africa to do missionary work throughout Africa.

What work do they do?

It would be easier to tell what work they do not do. They do nearly every works. They are teachers, nurses, doctors, pharmacists, social service workers, secretaries, housekeepers—to mention a few of their jobs.

Have they any houses in the United States?

Only one. It is at Metuchen, New Jersey. They are a missionary community and try to keep as many sisters as possible on the African Missions. The American house is just for preparing American women for the great work.

Do they teach schools?

Not only do they teach grammar school but they also teach in high schools and colleges, in nursing schools and workrooms.

What are Workrooms?

These are peculiar to Arab lands. The Moslem do not believe in schools for girls, as a rule. The White Sisters pay the girls for learning to be good weavers, lace-makers, carpet-makers, cooks; but in the program there is time set aside for the four R's—the fourth R, not direct religious teaching but lessons in Christian moral. These studies are compulsory for all the pupils attending the workroom.

Do the Sisters really visit the African people at home?

In North Africa only a Sister can go in to see the women. It is the only way these women will ever learn of Christ. The White Sister is often the doctor and the social worker in the homes.

Is there any hospital work?

More than there are sisters to do it. Besides regular hospitals there are the leper asylums and the special eye-clinics, maternity clinics, and ordinary dispensaries.

Do they help the African women to become Sisters?

Yes. At present there are 14 novitiates for the training of African girls for the religious life.

Do they have many Sisters?

1600 sounds like a lot. But Africa is a big continent and 1600 more Sisters would still not be enough. There are many missions, hospitals, schools, orphan asylums, that could be established if there were more Sisters.



Let us petition our good Savior to make us grow in number and in fervor, so that the ripening harvest may not pass into the hands of hirelings.

Venerable Mother
Salome
First Superior
General

How the Days Passed

SISTER M. IRENA

(Continued from January-February Issue)

5 o'clock: It is almost impossible to get a vehicle to take us to the station, and we begin to wonder how we will manage. The only "taxis" are horse-drawn carriages, driven by Arabs, and at this hour of the day, everybody claims them. The travel Agency comes to our rescue and sends a "boy" to find us two vehicles. They finally arrive and we drive off in rickety wagons, to our great enjoyment. The little French Boy takes care of everything and gets us to the station on time where we mount an "Autocar" for Rabat. The Arabs claim their tips, and when they don't think there is enough, they just squarely ask for more. When traveling in this country, we are warned to carefully watch our luggage and belongings.

It is an hour's ride to Rabat: we pass little villages and arid pastures, where cattle are grazing very meagrely. The soil is dried and unfertile. Suddenly the scenery changes, and we go in and out through hills and turns, where trees and brush are as green as in New England.

Arrived at Rabat, Mother in person is waiting to greet us. Another horse-drawn vehicle quickly takes us to the Convent of the Franciscan Missionaries, where the reunion is very cordial. All together once more. Everybody talks at once . . . We cannot get through train connections to Algiers until Saturday, but Mother has been very fortunate in obtaining 11 places on the Express from Fez to Oujda, by auto-rail. It is called the "Micheline" and is a double-wagon train which runs by gasoline but on rails, and taking but 40 passengers. It is very hard to get reservations on it as it is reserved for diplomats and government officials, and ordinarily runs but once a week. By some happy Providence, it so happens that a second "Micheline" is being sent out this week for the first time due to urgent necessity, and we are to have the luck of being among its passengers, traveling as official envoys . . . a real blessing from Heaven, as we shall reach Algiers in 24 hours, where it would have otherwise taken us 3 nights and 2 days, and under painful conditions, as the trains are jammed and no one can be assured a seat all the way . . . and in this heat. It is a load off Mother's mind . . . she had visions of us arriving at the Mother-house half dead. The Express passes through the hottest section across the arid wastes of Morocco, without any stops. It is the same story everywhere . . . it is war . . . war . . . and no more trains, no means of transportation, no vehicles available . . . and everybody has a destination to reach it is mobbed all over. Mother says there is a special Providence for the White Sisters. This is not America with all

its comforts, and we brush elbows with more Arabs than Europeans. Traveling conditions in wartime are very unfavorable, and there are many inconveniences, but frankly speaking, we really don't mind it . . . on the contrary, it is quite an interesting experience, giving us the opportunity of realizing how much we have to be thankful for, and to sympathize more fully with our less fortunate brethren.

After a quick turn through the garden, and a visit to the Lord, off to bed for a good night's rest. A large class-room serves as dormitory, and from my corner, beneath a large window, I am able to admire the star-studded African sky. It has a specialty of its own. I can understand St. Therese's admiration for the starlit heavens: what is more beautiful than a starry sky?

Wednesday, July 12, 1944: One of the consoling features at all the Franciscan Missionaries' Convents is daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Here the Sisters have a lovely property, surrounded by a high wall. There is a large garden, bordered with palm trees that are loaded with dates which, however, never come to maturity, as it still is not hot enough. Banana trees, orange, olive, fig-trees enhance the beauty of the place. Many flowers of different hues, although winter is the best season for them, add color to the scene, and we exclaim in admiration at the dahlias that are as large as chrysanthemums. Almost everywhere the soil is rust-color. It is hot and damp at Rabat and we do not refuse the long afternoon sieste, which is really a necessity in this climate. We have the reading in the cool pine-grove where there is always a good breeze, and take our sewing out there in the afternoon. Here the Sisters have classe, for small European children, and there are also a few women-boarders, and their children, wives of French Army Officers, refugees of France.

Thursday, July 13: It is so damp and heavy, on rising in the morning, one wonders if one will live

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It's Renewal Time - See Back Cover

an hour. Fortunately the nights are very cool, and in the late afternoon, the temperature is quite refreshed.

Go into town with Mother. Activity everywhere. Everyone speaks French in Morocco including the Arabs. The Europeans of Rabat are descendants of French colonists sent here by France many years ago. Charles de Foucauld also sojourned here when he came to Morocco incognito, disguised as a Jew.

4 o'clock: Three French demoiselles call to take us on a tour. We start out on foot in groups of three so as not to excite the fanaticism of the Arabs. The European section of Rabat is very pretty. Beautiful villas, with flowers in abundance, and all the houses without exception in white stone. We pass the magnificent public park with its artistic gardens, and wend our way towards the ocean where we are to visit the Arab quarters. There are Arabs everywhere and I can assure you that our Missionary hearts are stirred . . . We are right in our element.

We visit the Arab Museum—the carpeted, cushioned salon with wax figures of wealthy Arab women dressed in rich native costume, long earrings and spangles, their faces heavily powdered, with penciled arched brows . . . the showcases of native costume jewelry, some of which is very old and priceless, having once been the possession of sultans, shieks and their families . . . (Now I know for sure that the mode of cosmetics and American jewelry is a mimicry of the Mohammedan woman and African native.) There is a replica of an Arab house, the unique feature of which is the lack of windows opening on the outside, the only light entering through openings on the inner court, as the Mohammedan woman is not supposed to have the privilege of looking out on the street. We see instruments of torture used during the "Holy Wars" against the Christians . . . books of all sizes, so old that they are almost entirely worm-eaten, most of which are "Korans" (I wish I could have put fire through them all), also many fire-arms, sabres, etc. used in the wars against the Moors.

We descend into the Museum garden which forms the interior of an old fort. We see the Mimosa trees and the Aloes, whose flower blooms but once every 100 years, as large as sun-flowers. This must have been quite a strong-hold. It overlooks the sea and many a battle was waged here against the Moors. We ascend to the top of the ramparts, and walk through the narrow stone trenches, examining with interest the walls with the little square holes where the rifles were placed to point at the enemy. How ancient these ramparts, the stones displaying much wear and tear. All Rabat is surrounded by ramparts, and large numbers of storks have built their nests on the tippety-tops. They are large, graceful birds. We then go up higher on the promontory through an Arab village, and get

a look at a weaving workshop, conducted by a European lady. Arab women and small children are at work . . . Clever these Arabs! Their fingers simply fly!

It is late afternoon as we turn homewards, by a different route, crossing the whole Arab section of Rabat, where thousands of natives live in crowded unsanitary conditions. We make acquaintance with an Arab "Market-place and Bazaar" . . . I would not have missed this for anything. May the good God have mercy on these poor unfortunate souls, for whom our Blessed Lord did not hesitate to give His life.

Mademoiselle Marcelle, our guide, is very "distinguee", was born in Rabat and has lived here all her life, thus able to give us much information about the natives, who is seems, are always discontent and continually breaking out into revolts. There was another uprising two months ago, in which a young European was stabbed to death.

Here the people, especially the Arabs, are horribly rationed for food. There is no butter, milk, sugar, soap, no white bread . . . the little there is is being reserved for infants. There is but little meat and potatoes, but an abundance of tomatoes and peppers. The American Soldiers brought white flour when they came, allowing the people to have a bit of white bread, which they much appreciated. It seems that a seventeen-year old American lad died recently after eating in a restaurant bread in which had been mixed saw-dust. I am in admiration at the way the Europeans here take all this privation so calmly and bravely, stating that things are "much worse in France."

It has been an ideal promenade, we arrive home a bit foot-sore but enchanted with our three-hour excursion. (A month since we left Metuchen).

Friday, July 14: It is a French legal holiday, and there are decorations and flags everywhere, with parade and all. I find Rabat very pretty.

4 o'clock: Off on another excursion, taking advantage of the cool afternoon. We admire from the exterior only, the Sultan's Palace, all white and quite immense. Further on, we go up a beautiful avenue bordered with giant palm trees, on each side of which are the French Administration Buildings leading up to the Palace of the "Resident General". Mother goes up to the armed guard and recaptures her Arabic after not having spoken it for twenty years. He lets us through and we are joyfully sauntering down a lovely shady drive when a French Officer informs us that the place was opened to the public only this morning and that we must leave. We turn back after going a short way, the officer states that it is really too bad since we have come so far, he will ask if we cannot be granted leave to visit the grounds. Another officer

(Please turn to page 63)



Drill at St. Teresa's Boarding School Chilubula, Rhodesia

Tunis, Tunisia

Here is the Arabic House of Studies for the young Sisters who are preparing themselves for mission work among the Mohammedans. Alongside we have a school, comprising three regular classes, which has an enrollment of one hundred and fifty Native girls between four and twelve years. This is followed by a complementary course, for girls of twelve years and above, specializing in good housekeeping, a program which has great attraction at this age. Another group, girls between fifteen and twenty follow courses in sewing, drawing, painting, etc. At present the house is being enlarged so as to permit us to increase our enrollment and thus enlarge our field of action for good.

Life in Tunisia is slowly reverting to normal again, but what complications to obtain, with coupons, one's meagre ration at a fabulous price. The six months of occupation were very hard all around—but what a wonderful preparation for death! We were not one hour free from this thought, as the continual bombings were faithful reminders. Since, however, our works have taken up again more flourishing than before. May I ask a prayer for our dear Tunisian mission.

MOTHER ROBERT-MARIE (Miss A. Morissette, Franklin, N. H.
Regional Superior of Tunisia.

Chilubula, N. E. Rhodesia

We have learned that eight Sisters are appointed for the missions here—two will travel by plane, the six others by usual

mode of transportation, boat etc., when space can be obtained . . .

1946 will see the ordination of our first Native Priest, what a joy for all! Last year, as a seminarist on probation, he lived here, helping the missionaries. He seems very pious, may he be a holy priest. From then on, every year we shall have ordinations, at first the number will be small but gradually will go on increasing.

The Natives are very happy and proud to think that they will soon have their own priest. The missionaries who are devoting themselves for so many years in the seminaries will enjoy the reward of their labors.

Sister Juliette-Marie, W. S.

**Santa Teresa
Chilubula Mission
25th November, 1945**

Reverend Mother Superior,

Thank you for the long letter which came from you last week. We were very glad to see your nice beads. We like beads very much. If you have more of those nice beads please send us them again.

We shall pray for you. There is something else we would like to have, that is rosaries. For a long time we have not been able to buy any.*

Please Mother, cannot you come to see us and to see our beautiful country? We are not able to come to America. I am a pupil in standard IV. If I pass the Government examination perhaps I shall become a teacher.

Reverend Mother I want to tell you what we are doing now. We are sowing our seeds. We Africans we like the rainy season, so as to eat fresh food, maize and peanuts. We are going near to Christmas. The whole school wishes you

**HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY
NEW YEAR.**

IE MISSIONS MARCH ON

I am a boarder of Santa Teresa School,
Melania.

*The buying is done with school money—
good points.

Editor's Note: This is an exact copy of the letter received from Melania, we only regret that cuts are so expensive and that we cannot let you enjoy it in the original script, which would be a model for any pupil of her age.

Sr. Teresa's Boarding School has developed very rapidly these last years. Up till 1940, the boarders were very few . . . the reason we have now found out, was that the parents feared their girls would lose their chance to marry! The course of events proved that school was no impediment to marriage.

This year we have one hundred and thirty girls in the six classes. We have Native lay-teachers to help us. So far we have very few of them because when they reach the last year of study they are of age to marry and will not refuse an offer, for fear of missing their chance. When the girls are young they do not care for school and the parents have not the courage to force them to come, but when they are twelve or thirteen and conceive a real desire of learning to read and write, it is a little late to begin. This year we have some quite young girls in the higher classes, there will be some inconvenience to this also as when they receive Teachers' Certificates they will be a little too young to have authority over a class. So you see we too have our problems.

However, despite the help received from our Native lay-teachers, we are anxiously awaiting the reinforcement in Sisters that our Most Reverend Bishop has asked. When will they arrive? May the dear Lord fill your postulate with many good, sturdy vocations for Africa.

Sister M. Eustochium, W. S.

Zaza, Rwanda

At present we are establishing the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Thirty-three have made their consecration on the Assumption and forty in December. The consecration was preceded by a candidature which comes to a close with a retreat and the definite admission into the Sodal-

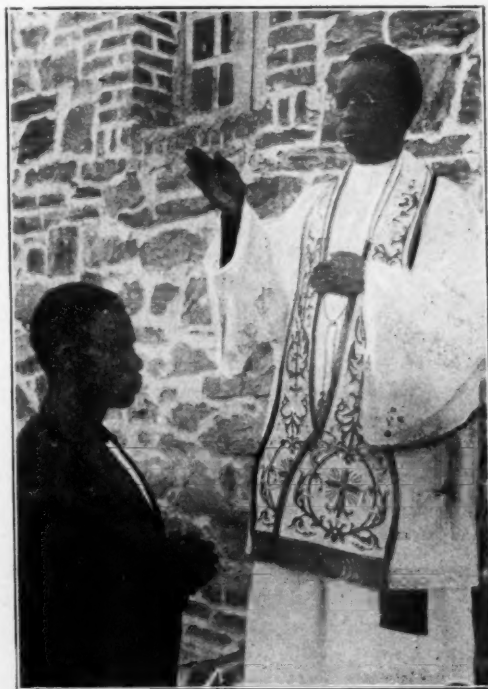
ity. As a remembrance, we gave to each new member, one of those beautiful large pictures received from Metuchen.

Oh if you could only see how this picture will be honored. Many souls will be saved by this visible sign of their faith. They have a very special devotion to the Blessed Mother our Banya-Rwanda! Right now I am preparing two hundred and twenty-five children for the renewal of their Baptismal promises. May they all keep the great gift of their faith.

At the dispensary the patients are always very numerous. I notice on the report that there is an average of two hundred and thirty-five sick nursed each day. But alas, medicine is becoming very scarce. It is especially quinine which is the lifesaver of so many cases of malaria.

We are surrounded by small lakes. The other day, on excursion with Sister Jean-Marie, (from America, now sixty-six years old, the greater number of them spent in this mission territory—and she is yet very active,) we crossed one in a very primitive

(Please turn the page)



Young Native Priest giving his first blessing

The Missions March On

(Concluded from page 62)

Native dug out boat. Many of our Catholic families must cross two lakes to come to our central mission for Holy Mass and religious services.

Mother M. Landrada, W. S.

.....

Ntakataka, Nyassaland

The mission here is very interesting. There are a few villages nearby, having bicycles at our disposal, we are able to cover quite a lot of ground in an hour. Ntakataka being in a valley the climate here is the opposite of Bembeke's, where it is cold, because situated on the mountain. So far our school receives only day pupils.

Sister M. Claudine, W. S. (Miss Boisvert, Graniteville, Mass.)

.....

Mwanza, Tanganyika

In 1938 we had a school, following the official program from the government, with an average attendance of fifty-five girls. At present the enrollment is one hundred and ten. We are now receiving a government grant which enabled us to open a fifth class and to begin a Domestic Science course. All our girls are Catholic or catechumen. You understand our principal aim is to have them all here so that they may continue their religious instruction.

Your beautiful holy pictures were given to the newlyweds. Kneeling before it, in their huts, our Christians recite their daily rosary and night prayers.

Mother M. St. Eugene, W. S.

How the Days Passed

(Concluded from page 60)

returns, and makes inquiries, stating that he himself cannot grant us leave but will go "higher up" to see what can be done. He finally comes back with all permissions, to visit not only the grounds but also the palace. The "Residence" is of course magnificent from all points of view, immense dining room with exquisite glass chandeliers, a large salon, with rich antique French furniture, another "Arab" style room, very beautiful as to furnishings and comfort . . . the pretty patio in which is a smiling pool. We are entranced by the spaciousness and splendor of it all, but when we are shown the lovely gardens, we are enraptured at their magnificence, the like of which we have never seen, and as exists only in Africa. Mother affirms that they rival the palatial gardens of Versailles.

We are then permitted to go through the public gardens on the way back, and visit the Mausoleum of the "Marshal Lyautey", first French Marshal of Morocco. He it was who built and beautified this place. He loved Morocco and insisted on being buried there. We recite a "De Profundis" at this tomb, on which there is an admirable epitaph, stating that the "Marshal" was a fervent Catholic, that he died after receiving the Sacraments of the Church, that he was greatly beloved both by the French people and the Mohammedans of Morocco, and that his death was a great loss to French Morocco. And so home again, to pack up for the last time . . . we're off for Algiers early tomorrow morning.

OBITUARY

His Eminence John Cardinal Glennon, St. Louis, Missouri

Reverend A. Smoor, Reverend A. Nogaret, Brother Jacques de Jesus, of the Society of White Fathers.

Sister M. Catherine, W. S., Ushiroambo, Tanganyika

Sister M. Ste. Sigolene, W. S., Sister M. Etienne de Hongrie, W. S., Sister M. Jeannine, W. S., Algeria

William Hayes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elizabeth Kiernan, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Harriet Welch, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. Louise Dalieres, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Mary Titus, Jersey City, N. J., Guild Member

Miss Ann Gormley, Jersey City, N. J., Guild Member

An Invitation

Sister Jean-Marie Duleau, W. S.
Navrongo, Gold Coast, West Africa

FOR A LONG TIME you have waited for news about my Mission. It is my turn to wait for you since I invite you to come and spend a day at the Vocational School in the midst of my little Negroes.

The introduction will be quite simple. Upon your arrival a resounding "Denle Sister" with a broad smile will welcome you, that is because they like visitors very much, they are also delighted to manifest their ability.

At the given signal, everyone takes her work and it is very interesting to see with what skill it is executed; not a stroke missing, not a needless turn.

Do you wish to follow all the operations of this miniature factory?

Last year they cropped a good harvest of cotton which will supply sixty children with work for an entire year. After having removed the leaves and other waste, they open these tufts of cotton, and then pass it to their neighbor who, by means of a nail, and a stone plate will make the seeds fall. These are carefully gathered for the next sowing.

Then this cotton is transformed by the carders into big skeins which will presently become a beautiful thread, firm and glazed. The spinning wheel does not cost much: a small trunk of bamboo that is firmly placed in mortar made from dried clay, carefully adjusting it firmly in the center, then it twirls like a top. Each child will be paid according to the amount of cotton manufactured.

Let us proceed to the weaving room. How marvelous it is! You see nine looms, from which solid white and colored material is fabricated. Napkins, cushions and rugs are also made in these workrooms. One section of this industrial school, under the direction of a Sister, specializes in sewing. These older girls cut and make the gandouras and cassocks for the Missionaries.

You may think that they keep silence. The conversation opens with the local news, jokes come next and they end by singing songs not omitting the Christmas hymns, which give us the illusion of seeing our white Christmas of days gone by.

At ten o'clock it is recreation, it is a sacrifice to leave off work and even play, but the example of their seniors soon leads them to accept this discipline with pleasure.

After recreation they must set busily to the serious task of schoolwork. They are very studious and appreciate these happy moments.

At two o'clock, the children, according to their degree of religious instruction, are divided into three groups for catechism. When the lesson is finished and they have resumed their various works, their religious instruction will be the topic of their conversation. They are very ambitious to have credits with which they will purchase holy pictures.

Our little negroes have their delicacies as well as our little Americans have their ice cream cones, behold what happened. Every child was very busy, all at once, the school was empty and my little ones were in the yard. I asked the more serious girls, who had not left their work, what had happened.

"Honey, Sister".

"Is honey more important than work?" Come back quickly".

My frolicsome children, somewhat ashamed, obeyed and returned, but as soon as the bell rang, they hurriedly went for the delicious titbit which was shared by all, the least fortunate being granted permission to taste with the tip of their finger.

You see that work is not lacking in the missions. May the invitation to visit our Navrongo Vocational School, which is only one of the aspects of our mission work here, be an inspiration to the generous youth of America to come and help us.

As in the time of Our Lord: "The laborers are too few."

Gratitude

Dear Reverend Mother Loretta:

I am enclosing seven dollars in the little Xmas Stocking for your dear little ones. Five dollars is from myself, wife and three little ones, one dollar from my mother and one dollar from a young man friend of ours, who visited our home.

Our own offering is a little bit better than last Xmas. I will tell you the story. We have three dear little ones, Archibald four years, Lewis two years eight months and Anita-Marie fourteen months today. I told you about her in my letter last Xmas and you sent her a little medal and said she may some day be a White Sister. So just a few weeks ago one day her little brothers unknown to us gave her raisins, that night she suddenly became very ill and appeared to be dying in our arms. We became so scared, and my wife at once made this offering to your little ones if God left her with us, and we placed your "Messenger" on her chest. We had sent for the Doctor, but Anita fell asleep before he arrived and was all better. We are sure it was your dear little ones that cured her.

Lewis nearly died last February with double pneumonia and we are so nervous about him this winter. We only live in the country and there the houses are so cold in winter. We haven't much of this world's riches being only poor hard working parents. But our only treasures are our dear little ones. So we hope and pray that God leaves them with us and if it's His Holy Will, to give us more little ones to care for.

Dear Mother kindly pray that my wife's and my own health does not break as we both work hard and feel if our health failed what would happen to us. Good health for ourselves and ours is all we ask for, so we can raise our little family

D. Mac L.

.

From Massachusetts

Dear Sister,

I am very happy to send you another \$5.00 to ransom a pagan baby which I would like named Carol Ann. The girls have ransomed five babies and the boys three. The girls have ransomed three Black ones, one Japanese and one Chinese baby. The boys have one Japanese, one Eskimo and one Black baby.

We have stamped pictures of the babies we have ransomed on a card, that is eight babies in six months, a total of \$40.00. Grade VIII leads all

the other rooms. I hope to send you another \$5.00 very soon, until then I remain yours in Christ.

**Girls of Grade VIII
Rita Kowalczyk**

.

Dear Sister,

I have five dollars for a baby. Please call her Christine Ann. I would like a letter and a doll.

**A little friend,
Christine Ann Canon, 1st Grade**

.

From Wisconsin

Dear Mother Superior,

I am sending this dollar to clothe a child for First Holy Communion.

George Plachinski

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

Mrs. D. Gaudet
Mrs. Ruel
Mrs. J. Barry
R. and G. Ledoux
Sacred Heart School, Worcester, Mass.
St. Mary's School, Lee, Mass.
St. Paul's School, Worcester, Mass.
Christine Ann Canon

TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

Miss M. Peltz
George Plachinski

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

Mrs. C. Bartell
Mrs. B. Jakubowicz
Mr. J. Mariner

SUPPORTED THE LEPERS

Mrs. A. Yale
Mr. A. J. Braun

PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Miss S. Marchewka
Mrs. A. Fournier
Miss M. M. Santori
Mrs. G. Jakus
Mr. James Mariner

Some Ways to Help

If you yourself cannot go to Africa as a missionary—make a bargain and adopt one who is working in the field.

Do you know that \$125 will support a missionary for one year in Africa?

Or if you can and will do more—

\$500 will cover the expense of trousseau, training and travel for one of our candidates.

No matter what your financial standing is, you can always help us by your prayers—we count on them to join us in imploring the Lord of the Harvest to send Laborers in His vineyard.

Mother Superior
The White Sisters—The Convent
Mombasa P. O., Kenya, BRITISH EAST AFRICA

would be very grateful to kind Readers who would mail them good Catholic magazines and periodicals.

Now that typewriters are available, we should like to add 2 to the Metuchen office equipment. If you have one in good working condition that you would like to donate, it will be most welcome.

Beautifully colored Holy Pictures are always in great demand by all our missions—large and prayer book size—also those from religious art calendars. Kindly mail them to us and we shall gladly distribute them.



WILL

Our Legal Title Is

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now nor later. Why not include this clause?

"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of Dollars."

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